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1. Poetry, American

NB1
Huidekoper

MEADOWSIDE MUSINGS

AND

SONGS OF THE AFFECTIONS.

Kind reader, in this book I've brought
Some gleanings from my idle thought;
Not in the hope another's mind
Should much of pleasure in it find,
But that it might slight record be
Of moods and thoughts once dear to me.

CAMBRIDGE:
JOHN WILSON AND SON.
University Press.
1885.

EN

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
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Huidekoper, F.

PREFACE.

IN the year 1840, when my present residence was erected on the eastern limits of Meadville, it was in such proximity to the green fields about it that I named it Meadowside.

It has been to me since then a home of so much comfort and quiet contentment that I have chosen for the present volume the title of MEADOWSIDE MUSINGS, AND SONGS OF THE AFFECTIONS. The brief sketches and scraps of sentiment it contains, with wide-apart dates, come to me now as footprints on the pathway of life.

They are chiefly such bubblings from the mind and heart as write themselves; and given much as they came to me, without chilling the impulse by critical consideration.

Partly for self use, and partly for the eyes of intimate friends, I trust none of the latter will feel hurt by the liberty I have taken in the introduction of their names or initials.

WOR 19 FEB '39

The material accumulated in my drawer left me the alternative to say, with a depressed authoress,—

> "Fire, my hand is on the key,
> And the cabinet must ope.
> I shall now consign to thee
> Things of joy and grief and hope,"—

or to preserve it in this more convenient form.

As a genial poet found a song, after a lapse of years, inscribed on the heart of a friend, possibly some reader of this book may find a musical favor shown to the author in the long, long ago, is still vibrating in his heart, and note the record of his gratitude preserved on its pages.

To his many kind relatives and friends this little volume is respectfully dedicated, with best wishes that they may enjoy many years of life with attendant prosperity.

MEADVILLE, PA., April 16, 1885.

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MEADOWSIDE MUSINGS.

TO MRS. ——.

WITH A COPY OF "GATHERED LEAVES."

ACCORDING to promise I send you this book,
Trusting not with a critical eye you will look
At the limping rhythm, or ephemeral thought
Into its pages, perchance, I have brought.
Some charcoal sketches of what I have seen,
Some bubbling sigh for the "might have been;"
Some well-earned praise for a cherished wife,
Some rough mosaic of varied life;
The impress given by some scenery wild,
A word of love for a darling child;
Some rollicking sketch of rejected lover,
Some glancing back to life's early clover;
A memoriam penned for departed friend,
Some arrow to show the spirit's trend;

A glimpse at the shadow descending life's hill, —
These include the topics its pages which fill.

And now, I may add, I send it to you,
As a genial type of womanhood true:
I only regret, in thus closing my letter,
With such object in view, that the gift is not better.

February 9, 1877.

ON THE

SEVENTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIRTHDAY OF PRESIDENT A. A. LIVERMORE.

PATRIARCH revered, of threescore and ten,
Thy name with a blessing is uttered by men;
The sick man his suffering forgetteth the while,
He turns on his pillow to welcome your smile.

The young man who seeketh the counsel of friend
Knows just in his search where his footsteps should bend;
And the maiden perplexed with the problem of life
Finds that in your wisdom which softens the strife.

As we sow, so we reap, the proverb doth say.
A thousand kind wishes attend thee to-day;
Serene be life's sunset; and when spirit has fled,
Thine be eons of bliss in the realms overhead!

MEADVILLE, October 30, 1881.

TO REV. R. P. S.

FOR COPY OF POEM AT CHARITY FAIR.

RECEIVED, my dear friend, in due course of mail,
A journal containing your heart-touching tale;
And trust, in return, that you will not refuse
A budget of thanks for the fruits of your muse;
From the fount of Parnassus, whenever you dip,
Pray pass on the cup, and allow us a sip:
And if on life's waters we cast any bread,
We 'll send you some crumbs for your comfort instead.

As we walk through this valley of shadows and tears,
'T is soothing in sorrow to find we have peers;
And so, in your trials, I tender my palm,
Say peace to your nerves, be tranquil, be calm;
And learn that your friend, overburdened with care,
Has also to speak at a charity fair.

But alas! the sad message came not unto me
By a "flaxen-haired lassie, with bonnie blue ee."
I 'm sure I should claim but the half of the pity,
Had the message been sent by such lovely committee!

I wish you had given of the authors a list,
Whose thoughts we might use, to our point adding gist,
For mine are not booming just now in my attic;
And should I thrash round, with all symptoms ecstatic,
I should sink at the close in the depths of despair,
As one who in vain had been beating the air.

Must the blood of the martyrs be the seed of the church?
Oh, leave not your friend in his desperate lurch!
But lend him your gift, or a page from your journal,
And accept of his thanks, and remembrance diurnal.

March 9, 1863.

TO REV. JAMES F. CLARKE.

ON HIS SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY.

ITH that glorious tribute from Laureate Holmes,
Placing crowns on the worker of threescore and ten,
I think I must deem you, whatever else comes,
As one who has been the most happy of men.

If with genuine bread we life's garner would fill,
We must broadcast a harvest of duty and love;
And make, for the grinding, of conscience a mill,
And blow off the chaff with a breeze from above.

'T was not foreordained I present should be,
When friends gathered round to extend you a hand,
And offer their tribute of thanksgiving free,
And, having done nobly, to bid you still stand!

But if I might speak, as the voice of the West,
I think I could match every friend of the East,
From those by your writings abundantly blest
Who sat, all unseen, at your natal-day feast.

God bless you in family, friends, and in store,
In what flows from your pen, and what flows from your tongue!
And when you have rounded an even fourscore,
May you find, like the patriarch, still you are young!

BON VOYAGE.

MRS. F. S. H.

CCEPT, my dear Frances, my thanks more than once,
To my "Lines on the Scotia" for your pleasant response;
I cannot see why, when you 're courting the muse,
What flows from your pen, to the world you refuse.

The Good Book asserts that it is not quite right
To hide 'neath a bushel one's candle alight,
So for guidance, I trust, when you 're musing you will
Your bushel exchange for a headlight on hill.

If, ere winter be over, a voyage you dare,
On Inman, Cunard, or the French ship Pereire,
May the sea you shall cross be as smooth as a plain,
Neither tossing its billows or shaking its mane.

You know that old Ocean can act like a shrew;
That vessels, like bipeds, can have a loose screw;
Yet I pray o'er calm waters your vessel may dance,
Until it shall bear you all safely to France.

Soon thence may you sip of ambrosial wine
In the land of the orange, the fig, and the vine,
Turning sunshine to health, until you shall come
Like the historic dove, bringing olive leaves home.

January 6, 1870.

TO MRS. G. W. B., JAMAICA PLAIN.

WITH BIOGRAPHY OF A. AND P. CAREY.

N looking about for a volume to give,
By way of a friendly token,
In which a trace of my taste might live,
And be by the keepsake spoken;

I have made research, with a caution chary,
For something another might love;
And I trust the lives of the sisters Carey
Will the object I sought for prove.

'T is a tale of struggle from a lowly lot,
Till the great of earth have bent down,
And placed on those born in an humble cot,
The bright gem of a social crown.

FOR A BOOK-MARK.

TO MRS. K. T. T.

BEE, which you know is a natural rover,
When exploring o'er fields lit down on a clover,
And exclaimed in its ecstasy, "Oh, what a treat,
Such a flower to find, that 's both rosy and sweet!"

Can it be thus the clover a symbol becomes,
Of the sweet and the bright in our lives and our homes?
For book-mark you sent me with red clover upon it,
Accept, please, my thanks and this two-stanza sonnet.

December 4, 1884.

TO MRS. F. S. H.

FOR CROCUSES IN WATER-COLORS, A BIRTHDAY PRESENT.
MARCH 21, 1878.

NE may not live alway;
and yet I would pray
For a fair share of years
on this bright earth to stay,
Where the little of shade
interwoven so blends
With so much of the sunshine
of flowers and friends.

Thanks, thanks for those symbols
of earliest spring;
That crocus bouquet! it is
worthy a king!
With heart truly grateful
my honors I greet,
Though I feel quite unworthy
a present so sweet.

'T will be one more adornment
to place in a home
Ever dear to my heart
wherever I roam;
And my sisterly artist,
till life reach its end,
Among dearest blessings
in memory will blend.

OLD POINT COMFORT, VIRGINIA.

AR back in flight of time,
Five times fifty years, and more,
Some transatlantic cruisers
Cast their anchors on this shore.
Tired of the tossing seas,
This haven of sweet rest
Seemed as lovely and as fair
As an Araby the blest;
As souvenir of repose,
They conferred then the name
Still preserved, — "Point Comfort,"
As expressive of the same.

Oh, could those bold adventurers,
Who braved then the sea,
Once more review this place again,
What marvels would they see! —
The passing of a thousand sails
Now gleaming in the sun;

The pleasure yacht's return made known
By the thunder of its gun;
That model of a hostelry,
The Phœbus grand Hotel.
What a host of ever-coming guests
Its records daily swell!

"Hygeian," in adopted name,
And in its influence too;
How very many nervous wrecks
Do here their health renew;
As they daily tread its spacious walks,
And breathe the tonic air
Which brings the color to their cheeks,
And smooths the brow of care.

Though Fort Monroe may wear a frown,
It also hath its smiles;
And drum, and drill, at setting sun,
An evening hour beguiles.
It welcomes every coming guest
With doors and gates ajar,
And lets him study at his will
The mysteries of war.
While slumbering power all around,
His searching eye may see,

His heart is cheered all the while
With words of courtesy.
Here, in war's archives neatly kept,
He sketches may espy,
How soldier life in all its forms
Strikes an artistic eye.

Emerging out of servitude,
Here Afric's children may
A broader culture kindly get,
In a truly Christian way:
And rest abides at Hampton home
For the crippled and the lame,
Who loyal to their country proved
On its battle-fields of fame.
Here also hearts and hands unite
In that earnest work of love,
To bring Dame Nature's wayward child
On a higher plane to move;
Take offspring of the Indian wild,
The nomad of the plain,
Teach them how to guide the plough,
And grow the golden grain;
To cast aside the common faults
The character that stain,
And learn to measure labor's worth
And cultivate the brain;

And thus take rank in civic strife
With any race on earth,
Knowing that power from wisdom springs
And not from rank and birth.

So if those ancient mariners
Can look down from above,
They 'll find Point Comfort still to be
A region one can love.

April 24, 1883.

TO CONSTANCE MORRIS.

FOR HER ALBUM.

EAR Constance, when you bring your book
And ask, with supplicating look,
That I should write a line,
I 've not the heart to say thee nay;
But if I don't, what else to say,
I cannot quite divine.

If I should write some funny thing,
Perhaps some other girl 't would bring
With a sweet face like thine;
And with the application double,
You see, I 'd get myself in trouble;
And so I must decline.

When you have grown to be a lady,
Perchance some cousin, Maud or Sadie,
Will bring her book; then you will laugh
And say, " Ah, now I think I see
Why Mr. H—— did n't write for me; "
And give, as I, — your autograph!

A REVIEW OF QUEECHY.

TO MISS E. G. H.

XCUSE me, dear sister, if I feel rather stretchy;
I 've just closed the book you lent me, called Queechy;
And waiving all comment on the choice of a name
(For miscalled roses will still smell the same;
And names, after all, are but matters of taste),
I pass to its merits with lenient haste.

The work shows good things, with some capital points,
Though sometimes it seems rather loose at the joints,
And if nouns were like Fleda, I 've very great fears
For their far-away verbs they would burst into tears.
There are words such as "wallop," if rightly I ken,
That were better omitted by Fleda's glib pen.
I would in perusal not too critical be,
Yet rejection of slang terms would gratify me;
The rest may pass muster, excepting and saving
A dash now and then of diluted John Calvin,
Which into the tale in congruity blends
With that strange coalition we call "odds and ends."

Alas for poor Elfie! pet lamb of the fold,
What a sunbeam she was, on a landscape so cold!
No wonder the Evelyns were set by the ears,
When a rival they found her, and always in tears.

Those lily blanched cheeks, with their coronal blush,
Where the life-giving currents so often did rush,
Those smile-wreathed lips, and those sweet beaming eyes
(How the latter remind one of soft April skies
Sending streamlets as constant as ever were known
To leap down the Alps, from the Glacier de Rhone),
Like a rose in its beauty, without any thorn.
An angel she seems of its wings only shorn.

From the first chestnut burr, to the end of the wood,
I Carlton admire, — so manly and good!
With his head ever cool, and his heart ever warm,
The stricken to shield and protect them from harm.

But alas, he is married! and I 'll bet half a dollar
He never will boast of his linen and collar:
For on his kind bosom a sweet cheek is laid,
And no matter what may be uttered or said,
Overwhelming 't will fall on too sensitive ears,
And the upshot will be, "Fleda bursts into tears."

IMAGINARY NOTICES OF THE BOOK BY THE PRESS.

New York Mirror.

"A book most marvellous for writer of her years,
Transcript of real life, and full of smiles and tears."

Prairie Farmer.

"As plaintive harp which ever music flings
To the rude wind which sweeps across its strings,
In sympathy with passing woe the tender Fleda kept,
And like a Niobe in grief, forever wept."

LINES ON THE OPENING OF LIBRARY HALL.

OVERS of progress, who, responsive to call,
Now grace with your presence our Library Hall,
Let us gratitude show to that most worthy few
Who upholding this movement have carried it through.
Who out of materials apparently scant
Make our old hall a new one, to meet public want;
And give to our city this grand, spacious room,—
A mill scientific, with on-rushing flume!

Here the speaker may come, and plead for wise choice;
Or the minstrel tune strings accordant with voice;
Or the gay masquerade have a stray laugh to let;
Or a troop philharmonic, with polished quartette,
Touch the heart with sweet music one cannot forget.

Though it stands below grade, yet in wide sway and rule
This Hall in the future may prove a high-school,
Where legions of young folks shall gather to read,
And find the instruction they look for, or need.
Let us jointly give thanks, then, coextensive with city,
To our Bates and our Reynolds, and the rest of committee.

December 22, 1879.

THE LOAN.

A RETROSPECT.

ILARIOUS carnival, then a strict Lent,
Three weeks of holiday; now a Loan spent.
Gone are the pictures that hung on the wall;
Gone booths and cases which stood in the hall;
Gone are the tables with the out-drifting tide,
And the white-aproned maidens who stood by their side.
Sad through the empty rooms the wintry winds moan,
Asking in minor key, "Where, oh where is the Loan?"

How much of enjoyment that Loan did impart,
Quickening the pulses and warming the heart;
As each from his storehouse produced his rich treasure,
Not for his own, but for every one's pleasure.
What a grand central point where the many might meet,
And man welcome man as brothers might greet.
There is nought in the world that such sympathy draws
As the working together in right worthy cause.

Last week, here on bench, there sat Darby and Joan;
Though raised in the woods they were charmed with the
Loan;

They had gone through the rooms and seen everything twice,
And expressed their feelings by "Is n't it nice!"
Here stood an artist enwrapped in his thought,
Before him a gem which a master had wrought;
He saw the perspective, the shadow, and shine,
And exclaimed in his ecstasy, "Is n't it fine!"

But setting the catalogue wholly aside,
What a fund of amusement that Loan did provide!
Who got a laugh from old books or fine china,
Like the one came uncoaxed from Villikins and his Dinah?
Who did not warm with a patriot's zeal
With that well-rendered "Ride of Brave Jennie McNeal"?
Nor felt his sides shake, be he mirthful or not,
With the feminine flashes of Widow Bedott?
And when, by the footlights, was given a song,
How hearty the plaudits, and the encore how strong!
And how justice was mocked in that counterfeit court,
Making of Genius its game and its sport!

Know German, one must, to know what to say
Of the measure of fun in that Dutch comic play;
While the grace and the beauty any one will allow,
In the pageantry shown in the mistletoe bough,
As the bride, in her beauty, sank into that chest.
The Loan has departed and gone to its rest;

Yet if adage be true that "seeing's believing,"
And "beauty's own self's an excuse for its being,"
The Loan needs no trumpet or even a pen,
To tell how it came or why it has been.
'Twas fine gold throughout without any splurge;
Then peace to its ashes, it needeth no dirge.
But to its prime movers be gratitude shown
For a treat that our city full seldom has known.

February 5, 1879.

THE LIBRARY TOUCHETH ITS CAP.

HE Library wishes its friends, in long ranks,
Each for himself to accept of its thanks,
That when asking for bread it got not a stone,
But supply for its wants in a liberal "Loan."

It hopes the three Parcæ, better known as "the Fates,"
Will long keep their shears from the thread life of Bates,
And of all who with will did its chariot drag,
With Shippen for marshal supporting its "Flagg."

Thanks to the gardener with his Eden-like bowers,
To the books, adding blossoms, to ceramics, sweet flowers;
Thanks to owner of Hall who was made an A. B.[1]
Before in his letters he had mastered the C.

Thanks, cordial thanks, to that host of sweet dames
Who did royal work — we 'll not mention names;
A key that will open the white pearly gate
Will be found in their pockets, who labor and wait.

'T is not well at present to apportion the honors
Of those who did work, and of those who were donors;
In the sphere of his duty each one did his best
On the field of home action, and need not "go West."

[1] A. B. R——d, Esq.

Any Library's safe with such a home guard,
And time will make even to all their reward;
While to each there is given, as a guerdon of duty,
An ideal gold medal stamped worth, art, and beauty.

January 28, 1879.

ALONE — THE LOAN.

LONE, alone — why, what 's alone?
Felicia Hemans asked,
As she a heart of woe unmasked,
Would make a stoic groan.
A Loan, a Loan — why, what 's a Loan?
Doth modern querist say.
And to his listening ear,
Comes the response of cheer:
'T is a community at play;
'T is a whole people lent
Each to the other,
With a grand intent
To educate the mind
Up to a higher plane;
To make a drooping heart
Forget its sense of pain;
'T is a community at work,
All for the common weal.
Don't be a sluggard, then,
When the drum sounds for drill;
Don't be obstructive when
Indifference is to chill;

Find for yourself a place,
Work nobly for your race,
Work with an earnest zeal;
"What shall the harvest be?"
The future will reveal.

December 21, 1880.

TO K. C.

WITH AN UMBRELLA ON HER BIRTHDAY.

TALL girl of fourteen,
I cannot refrain
From offering you something
to keep off the rain.
Things having quick growth
are quite tender, you know;
And this will protect you
from showers and snow.
When you open it up,
an umbrella you 'll see,
Though the French, who should know,
call it *parapluie.*
I hope you 'll not think
I am telling you fibs,
If I say that umbrellas,
like persons, have ribs;
And ribs, if subjected to
too great a strain,
Will either be bent or be
broken in twain.

But returning again to
your dear self once more,
I hope you may see of
birthdays your fourscore,
And multiply friends as you
pass on in years,
Amid oceans of smiles, and
with very few tears;
Growing wiser and better
from day unto day,
With the grace of a woman
and a child's naïveté.

May 1, 1882.

TO KATRINA.

AY the lines of thy life be in sweet places cast,
Is my wish for your weal, as you grow up so fast,
From child to a woman more than half-way between.

It seems like a dream that to-day you 're fourteen,
The blue-eyed young miss, who so recently came,
And asked from friends for the gift of a name
By which in the future she might be known,
When a very kind grandmother lent you her own.
Now will you permit me the freedom of age,
To present from experience a very short page?
I think that this lesson you will gather from life:
'T is response that is gentle that banishes strife;
We criticise kindly whate'er has been done,
If the actor 's a unit, and we are that one;
Good order 's the factor that keeps things in place,
While some may be fast, and not win in life's race;
Behind every cloud there is sunshine beyond;
Be brave, then, in trial, and slow to despond;
Be unselfish and useful, and then you 'll be merry,
And your life will round off with a glow like a cherry.

May 1, 1882.

TIME'S METAMORPHOSIS.

A ROMANCE.

SOME twenty years, or more, have rolled away, I ween,
Since, wholly as a myth, at first I knew Glendeen.
Bethought of as some river sprite, or mountain whippoorwill,
Singing its evening song when all the air is still;
Or as some rustic lassie, weaving a fairy tale,
Unknown to city life save through the "Warren Mail,"
Blue-eyed, with glossy curls, in age about sixteen, —
So floated through my fancy the image of Glendeen.
But two decades of years, or even lesser range,
Brings fictions face to fact, suggesting many a change;
And for my country lassie is a thoughtful woman shown,
Idol of a home circle, in a cosey house in town;
Royal in her name, the chairman of committee
That plans the lecture course for an intellectual city;
So, from the fragile fabric of my former idle dream,
A social engine frames its potent walking-beam.
"Times change, and we in them," [1] doth a Latin poet say.
What would that poet think of such a change, I pray?

[1] "Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis."

But with time's revolutions, its deal with age and chance,
The make-believe of childhood only ripens to romance.
And as the little maiden, in the tale by Wordsworth given,
To all his varied questions still answered, "We are seven,"
I cling to my ideal; if you ask me who 's Glendeen,
I answer now, and ever, she 's a lassie of sixteen.

January 6, 1877.

WRINKLES.

TO WHOM THIS LETTER SHALL COME, GREETING:

S Wisdom was walking one day on the street,
A young rural lassie she chanced to greet;
"Well met!" she exclaimed, "I was wishing, I vow,
To give you a hint not to wrinkle your brow.
A ripple on streamlets may soon pass away,
But wrinkles on foreheads forever will stay;
Invited at morning, they stop over night,
And make of a forehead a wreck and a fright.
You may talk, you may laugh, till your mouth touch your ear;
You may sentimentalize close to the verge of a tear;
You may robe you in silks, either blue, black, or brown,
And still keep the favor of people in town;
But send all your wrinkles at once to bow-wows,
The beau-monde, I think, as a maxim allows,
Smooth tresses look pretty alone on smooth brows."

November 22, 1880.

MINNEQUA SPRINGS.

BRADFORD COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA.

O Indian myth or legend we join unto thy name,
Fountain of Minnequa, to add unto thy fame.
"Thy own excuse for being" you may claim a poet's lays:
"None know thee but to love thee," "none name thee but to praise."

Though seeming born of earth, an angel in disguise,
We deem thy high commission was written in the skies,
A charter for man's healing with thy waters fresh and cool,
Like one in ancient ages, Bethesda's blessed pool.

Here the husband thanks thee daily for a convalescent wife,
And the mother brings her children to start them well in life;
And age with snowy locks comes to beg a twelvemonth more
To a life that 's verging fast on the limits of fourscore.

And the lover, sadly smitten with some sweet romantic maid,
Comes here to speed his wooing beneath thy forest shade;
You can note their heads together as around the sylvan walk
They hold the converse sweet which is known as "lovers' talk."

And here the fleeing victim from the city's summer heat
Finds 'mid attendant comforts a rural, fresh retreat.
And I turn from happy faces and from a festive throng
To steal a quiet moment to praise thee in a song.[1]

[1] The Hotel has since been destroyed by fire.

July 27, 1874.

MINNEQUA ADVERTISES FOR A BEAU.

ERY much wanted, a beau ! a beau ! !
At Minnequa Springs, a real live beau !
Not a counterfeit count, you had better believe,
No foreign scamp with a ticket of leave ;
But a well-trained youth, his mother's joy, —
In Hibernian phrase, " a broth of a boy," —
Who can watch, and wait, and fetch and carry,
Who is good to flirt with and good to marry ;
Who can dance the polka with enough of brain
To keep his feet off his partner's train ;
Who can clap his hands if a lady sing,
Or tote her down to the mineral spring ;
And carve her name on the beechen bark,
And fill out the bill of a perfect spark, —
Straight as an arrow and tall as a pine,
With Apollo's form and a grace divine ;
With winning mustache and a glossy curl,
And teeth as white as the mother-of-pearl ;
With immaculate gloves and a swallow-tailed coat
(A civilized beau, not a rustic shoat),

Who will run for a lady from Beersheba to Dan,
And carry her shawl or bring her a fan:
Wanted, such beau; and with this intent
A purse has been raised of a — nickel cent,
Which will surely be paid to whoever will bring
Such a supplement sweet to Minnequa Spring.

FLORIDA. FIRST IMPRESSION.

AND of the sunny South, where are thy rose-
clad bowers,
Thy crimson fields; that royal wealth of
flowers
Which made the Spaniards in the days of old,
Give thee the name of Florida,[1] as we are told?

To passing eye thou seemest a swampy land,
A world of waters hedged in by sand;
With basking crocodiles at times thrown in
To captivate the sight and admiration win.

Yet for weird beauty I am at no loss;
I thread thy forest aisles all draped with moss,
And find a temple in each spreading tree
Where man might worship on a bended knee.

[1] Tradition says Florida means the land of flowers.

If one be patient for a little while,
For him magnolia groves will fondly smile,
And vine and shrub of beauty now so bare,
Will flush with flowers magnificent and rare.

February 17, 1876.

SAINT AUGUSTINE, FLORIDA.

ITY of narrow streets, relic of the olden time,
Basking like chameleon in a warm and sunny clime,
What kaleidoscopic views thy history doth reveal,
Since flint and bow contended against Iberian steel!
Covetous of gold here came the Spanish knight,
All athirst for fame and spoiling for a fight;
To find, perchance, a grave unmarked by any stones,
Or leave all uninterred upon thy sands his bones.
Here from abroad the sainted women came,
Self-consecrate for work in their blessed Master's name;
To sit by dying bed, give to parched lips the cup,
To cool the burning brow and lift the drooping up.
Anon, upon thy shores we the burly Briton see,
Chanting his favorite song, "Britannia rules the sea."
And then to History's dice we give another toss,
And presto! there come back the candle, bell, and cross.
Then coming later down, from staff and mast behold
Columbia's stars and stripes to the morning sun unfold!
The obsolete has gone, 't is fading from our view,
We are "tolling out the old" and "ringing in the new."

To-day the northmen come to seek the fount of health,
Contented now to spend, not magnify their wealth.
And lovely woman comes, as in the past, to bless
With gentle healing art and the magic of caress.
Thank thee, old Spanish city, for the health that thou hast given;
For sweet rambles on thy walls and for thy social leaven!
I came to thee half doubting, I came like an estray,
Now I carry, homeward turning, much love for thee away.

March 21, 1876.

THE PIONEER.

TO MR. JOSEPH DICKSON ON HIS NINETIETH BIRTHDAY.

THOU living monument of a by-gone age,
Whose memory now serves for history's page,
Record of things which happened in the long ago,
Ere primal forests fell beneath the woodman's blow.

Not often is it given to mortal man
So much of change with single life to span;
Starting in wilderness by moccasins just left,
Trees giving place to towns with streets and avenues cleft.

Whilome a weary toiler at the barge's oar,
Glad with the coming night to tie up at the shore;
Then when time's fiat did the barge recall,
Into a captain changed upon the new canal.

From threading forest on an Indian trail,
To turnpikes traversed by a four-horse mail;
Again time's transmutations did you hail,
When rushed the steam car o'er the iron rail.

Childhood in cabin with only earthen floor,
Then keeping at long range "the wolf away from door,"
Anon time the magician deals another trick,
And presto! for log cabin we 've a house of brick.

Once borrowing coals to make the fire at morn,
Once listening weekly to the postman's horn;
Now ever hearkening to the whistle shrill
Of moving train or matinade of mill.

Thy life, thus spared, near century of years,
Gladdened or softened by its joys and tears
Shows loyalty to right — not great in worldly sense,
But in its duties done — without shadow of pretence.

February 12, 1880.

HADDON HALL.

OME of the traveller, named Haddon Hall!
The sojourner's life will in sweet places fall,
Who coming to sea-side in health-giving quest,
Finds room 'neath thy roof-tree accepted as guest.

Not the epicure's paradise; that is not found
Where the sands of the sea as in deserts abound;
But the quiet and order and sweet social leaven,
Which to phases of life give a foretaste of heaven.

Here the invalid lays by his peptonic pills,
For the air that he breathes will cure half his ills;
And the bright flashing surf-waves exhale the ozone
That to body and spirit will give a new tone.

Here no business-born cares will surround him to fight,
And here he can sleep through the long stilly night,
And find musical din in thy gong, Haddon Hall,
That up from his pillows to breakfast doth call!

Here 's a cheer then for the city that stands by the sea
With its mission from ailments to set mortals free;
May its hostelries flourish each year with good run,
And take for their standard " the best 'neath the sun."

Atlantic City, April 9, 1880.

THE SEA-BREEZE.

HE wind all last night was as gay as a cricket,
It thumped on the windows and rattled the wicket;
It whirled the white sands, and stirred up the sea,
And seemed as if tipsy, and bent on a spree,
Like a typical Paddy in the land of the free.

It whistled through keyholes, and crept through each cranny
Like an unbodied spirit or bogle uncanny;
And yet it no doubt had a mission of good,
As it howled round the house and swept through the wood;

Though it lashed the wild surf into foam-flakes and suds,
It laid hand restrictive on flowers and buds,
And bade them from proverbs this wisdom to take:
The very first swallow a summer don't make.

Make haste very slowly, and then you will last,
Is advice good to give when good-luck you forecast;
Better pause and reflect in your rapid onrushing,
And you 'll find May or June better time for your flushing.

Atlantic City, April 10, 1880.

RICHFIELD SPRINGS.

F the Fountains of Richfield, oh, what could one say,
With its mineral springs as a subject, I pray?
Sulphur is good for the bleaching of bonnet,
But how would it seem as a theme in a sonnet?

I could write of the meadows, could write of the clover,
I could write of the beauties of Richfield all over;
Of its sunsets in summer, so brilliant and rare,
Of elixir of life in its sweet morning air.

I could write of the comfort at its cosey hotels,
Of music, and dancing, and sweet-looking belles;
I could sing of its lakelets, its valley, and mountains,
But I leave to admirers to sing of the fountains.

August 30, 1877.

VOX ET PRÆTEREA NIHIL.

HEN quietude comes after supper,
And I lie on the sofa alone,
Philosophic I 'd be, à la Tupper,
And write up the deep and unknown.

But I 'm not very learned or wise;
With such things I never did suffer:
I know summer 's gone with its flies,
And I have got through with my supper.

LINES IN ALBUM OF M. A. F.

ACROSTIC.

ANY kind friends I wish you in life,
And also good angels to ward off its strife;
Rivers to float on of influence good,
Yet never self-lost in the genial flood,

As one who uninjured by blessings has stood.

For "God and Humanity," this be life's aim;
Always be active, nor grow weary or tame;
Rectify wrongs in the world you espy;
Rectify self by a standard that 's high;
Increase in knowledge and love of the truth,
Now, by improving the hours of your youth.
Greatness in life is the doing of good,
Trial is often but virtue's true food,
Oh, that through life you triumphant may move,
Ne'er doubting that Heaven will open to love!

November 27, 1882.

LINES ACROSTIC,

IN THE ALBUM OF MISS G. O. F.

LADLY, dear Grace, I would write here a line,
Responsive to asking so gentle as thine,
Albeit my thoughts for an album come slow,
Compared with the flowers, which spring up and grow
Ever, when sunshine succeeds to the snow.

Old age and glib pen together don't go.

Forgive if the tribute is tame when 't is done,
And destitute wholly of wit or a pun;
Remember I write with a kindly intent;
Receive it, dear Grace, in the spirit 't is sent.
Inspire the words from your own genial mind,
Nearer to what in the text you would find;
Give to the poesy something of *grace*,
Task I avoid; pray all roughness efface,
Or, what is still better, find love of friend
Napping somewhere in the words that I send.

TO MISS ADELE C——R.

ON HER WEDDING DAY.

WOULD accord with my feelings, as you know very well,
To write, as requested, if a letter could tell
One half of the blessings I ardently pray
May develop in life, with your union to-day.
'T is not very easy to attain our ideal,
But to love and be loved is a joy that is real.
If from all of our actions we could selfishness banish,
And substitute love, half life's friction would vanish.
'T is a rule that I think we should ardently treasure,
We best bless ourselves when we give others pleasure;
And thus while we give we are also receiving,
And the life that comes to us is life worth the living.

Causing wee drop of sorrow, — may I mention the same? —
Is henceforth I must know you by some change of name,
And your plan for a home, on some part of the earth,
By wide seas dissevered from the land of your birth.

The old, the familiar, forever we love;
There 's a pawn on the chess-board we care not to move;
Yet if friend by the change may win in life's game,
We yield — well — a cordial assent to the same.
Your cup with beatitude now runneth o'er,
And who to such fulness can add any more?
May Providence guard you by land and by sea,
And you be as happy as mortal may be!

KITTRELL.

GRANVILLE COUNTY, NORTH CAROLINA.

OWN in Carolina, above its pines and sands,
Spreading to the sunlight, a place called Kittrell stands.
Not of especial size, if measured by creation,
Say a score or two of houses around a railroad station.

Here, before the war, attracted partly by a spring,
The planters of the South their families did bring.
To 'scape the summer heat, here came the F. F. V.'s,
To have a game of whist and smoke beneath the trees.

Now the still deserted halls seem fit for bat and owl;
Upon the ten-pin alleys there 's no one left to bowl;
You can scarcely find a Topsy to show you to the spring.
Alas, how sad the change a dozen years may bring!

But nearly by the depot you can stop with Mr. Davis,
And enjoy the song in spring of mocking bird and mavis;
And build up rugged health as you ramble o'er the hills,
Plucking the wildwood flowers beside the leaping rills.

Here the roads are hard and fine and the mountain air is sweet;
And around the grate at eve you can get a mental treat,
With the cream of social life, if so properly I dub
That fine and healthy thought which has ripened at the "Hub."

LOVER'S LEAP WALK.

WHITE SULPHUR SPA, VIRGINIA.

OUNG lovers of about sixteen
Sought out a seat, the trees between,
To have a talk — not 'bout the weather!
The sky above was very blue;
The sun the leaves shone brightly through,
And things were lovely altogether.

Some scores of years have passed away;
The glossy hair is changed to gray,
Sub rosa be it spoken;
And now when they attempt to chat,
One says 't is *this*, the other *that*.
The sweet accord seems broken.

More independent they have grown,
Both have opinions of their own;
But more is heard of truth
Than when with lovers' heads together
They talked as one — not 'bout the weather —
In the halcyon days of youth.

April 22, 1881.

TO MRS. FRANCES S. H.

ON RETURN FROM EUROPE, OCTOBER 21, 1870.

ACK with thy jewels to thy much-loved home!
'T is thus, dear sister, that to-day you come.
Well can I measure, as thy hand I clasp,
The mine of feeling underneath that grasp.

Welcome, thrice welcome, from a foreign shore!
A group, expectant, waits thee at thy door;
And flowers and festive board alike express
The love that underlies its own caress.

Some changes here thy searching eye will meet
In social circles, on the lawn, the street;
Yet *tout ensemble*, both in tone and air,
To olden times similitude will wear.

Not many vacant places will you find;
A few are gone of those you left behind;
And some are absent who would much rejoice
To swell thy greetings with their added voice.

Neighbors shall gather round you not a few;
The minister rejoice to see you in your pew;
The organist for thee shall play a "home, sweet home,"
And all feel glad that safely you have come.

THE LEGEND OF THE FOUNTAIN.

AN UNFINISHED TALE.

HERE Genesee's broad, elm-crowned meadows lie,
Home of the oriole and bobolink,
There Avon's healing fountains greet the eye,
And earth's diseased ones convene to drink.

'T is an Arcadian spot; and should one roam
From thronged Broadway to Araby the blest,
He ne'er would find a more sequestered home,
One more imbued with the sweet soul of rest.

Here dwelt a maiden, Isabel by name,
In age sixteen, perhaps a little over;
Whose peerless virtues filled the trump of fame,
And to her feet brought many a lover.

In style of person, Isabel was tall,
A blue-eyed Saxon, fair haired blonde;
Her courtesy still won the hearts of all,
In rural life or in the gay *beau monde.*

She had repose of power; she made no noise;
So hint I less upon my truthful page
Of personal graces than of womanly poise,
And a discretion quite beyond her age.

Enrobed in pink, oft at the break of day,
At Avon's fountains did she come to sip;
While lovers watched to steal the cup, they say,
To them made sacred by her touch of lip.

With others came a gentle knight,
Whose spurs were won in thickest fray,
Who had survived the murderous fight,
And in her bower attuned his lay;

Wooed her with tales of high romance,
'Bout Indian maid and sagamore,
And savage swoop, and warrior dance,
In the weird times called days of yore.

Then humbly bent him at her feet,
Hoped that the song would her inspire
To accept as votive offering sweet,
Alike the minstrel and his lyre.

. . . . . .

And did the knight win Isabel?
Nay, here the record broken stops,
And leaves to other pen to tell
Of crowned bliss or blighted hopes.

Yet vague tradition says that he
A sad inebriate came to be;
While she remained long years the light
That made the hearth of homestead bright.

THE BATTERED BAT OF THE BEDFORD SPRINGS.

BAT one time, in a gorgeous dress,
Came to Bedford Springs by the night express,
And with vain conceit, as about he whirled,
Imagined himself a star in the world.

Entering the ball-room, he took a glance
At the ladies fair enjoying a dance.
"Now what," said he, "are their hops and flings
To a graceful bat that can waltz on wings?"

Then into the parlor he made a dash,
And ne'er for a moment his head did fash
As to danger incurred; but in and out,
With his self-esteem, kept bobbing about.

"I think," said he, "this is just the light
To set off my dress and complexion right,
Ladies go out in the glare of noon,
But lamplight 's the thing for a bat's maroon."

Ere his lips had closed he felt a shock,
And down to the floor he fell like a rock;
And found, to his sorrow, a blow like that
Was the end of earth to a silly bat.

Then they nailed up to a batten door
The battered body of this bat of yore;
And the jury found, whom the coroner swore,
A ball-bat was the cause this bat was no more.

MORAL.

Ye ladies, who think that the men adore
Your silken trains and nothing more,
Pray find the moral that herein clings
To the battered bat of the Bedford Springs.

August 16, 1870.

THE HYGROMETER.

WO little people, of the size of a mouse,
Discordantly lived in a very small house;
They never were seen to walk out together,
And all of their business was watching the weather.

If the woman in bonnet abroad you espy,
You then may be sure that the weather is dry;
If the man in his hat seems about to decamp,
You are equally sure that the weather is damp.

So these people went setting, the whole of their lives,
An evil example to husbands and wives;
What pleased either one the other would scout,
And soon as one entered, the other stepped out.

August 3, 1878.

IF A BODY MEET A BODY.

E. F. H.

IF a body meet a body,
Ganging to the west,
May a body deem a body
With the trysting blest?

If a body list a body
Singing when they meet,
Is a body less a body
If he say 't is sweet?

Ilka ane a ballad loves
Frae the land o' Scot;
If a song a body moves,
Shall he speak it not?

Lassie, if it be na wrong,
What I would reveal,
Would that I could put in song
Half the joy I feel.

SUB ROSA.

F a lassie has a lover
She alone may ken,
Does she think her joy to cover
Frae the minds o' men?

Ilka body has their speering,
Ilka ane an ee,
Neighbor's lass will oft be jesting
How a thing may be;

But ilka body need na tell
Everything they see.
Pray, shall I keep unto mysel
A' you 've told to me?

RIPPLINGS OF MEMORY.

E stood on the shore of the Rivière aux Bœuf,[1]
And gazed in the mirror-like stream,
Which reflected the form of the trees on the bluff
So softly all seemed like a dream.

Our eyes the emotion betrayed, not concealed,
Which the heart had in charge for its keeping,
As the clouds in the blue overhead were revealed
By the waters so silently sleeping.

The current of feeling is a magical stream;
The thrill we receive is unknown to the giver;
And we cherish long years as an ingrained dream
The impress which some one has made on life's river.

[1] The French Pioneers, finding buffalo feeding on the shores of French Creek, named it "Rivière aux Bœuf."

FOR SOME SCOTCH BALLADS.

AD I brains at command that would fill up a thimble,
I would write you some lines, my dear Mrs. Kimball,
Replete with warm thanks without stint of measure,
For songs you have sung for my special pleasure.
This "Athenian Hub," with its bustle and roar,
Dumfounds my one talent, when I wish for a score.
Perhaps you will think in "my bonnet 's a bee,"
But "All the Blue Bonnets" is precious to me;
You know I 'm in love with "Laurie's sweet Annie,"
And a rival of hers is "Joe Nicholson's Nannie."
You might sing through the list, from "Castles in Air"
To that time-tested favorite, sweet "Robin Adair,"
"Rowan Tree" and "Sweet Robin," and ilka such tune,
Vivacious "King Charlie," and sad "Bonnie Doon;"
You might croon very gently "The Last Rose o' Simmer,"
Or sing in bravura "What 's a' the Steer, Kimmer;"
Yet I doubt if you 'll find, in all mundane sphere,
A listener who 'll give more attentive an ear
Than he whom you 've made by your magical spell
More deeply your debtor than language can tell.

December 17, 1878.

VIOLETS.

MRS. JULIA K——, N. Y.

" ANSIES for thought," pure purple and gold,
Opening their petals that all may behold;
Type of true heart! that itself doth reveal,
Open and frank, and with nought to conceal.

Type of the constant! full often, I know,
Thy bloom I have found 'neath the cold winter's snow;
Prompt 'mid thy rivals to blossom in spring.
Who for thy beauty no tribute would bring?

Sweet little flower! last night 'mid the rain,
I banished the gloom as I wrote this refrain;
And thinking of thee I bethought of a friend,
To whom in the morning this tribute I 'd send.

May 1, 1882.

WITH A PRESENT OF HAIR-PINS.

TO A LADY.

LL is the wind, you will grant, dear Miss Taft,
That roams o'er the earth no kind message to bear,
Which ne'er on its breezes a something doth waft,
That some one can love, or somebody can wear.

When for five years a woman is wedded, they say,
The world sympathetic gives her outfit of tins;
But if she be single, is it quite wrong, I pray,
For adjustment of ringlets to offer hair-pins?

November 24, 1881.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF MATCHES.

APPY are those to whom 't is given
To have their matches made in Heaven;
Phosphorus and sulphur, these we know
Pertain to matches made below, —
Phosphorus like a quick temper flares
If one to vex it simply dares;
And sulphur with its bluish flame,
No need to ask it whence it came.
Happy, then, those to whom 't is given
To have their matches made in Heaven.
The kinds which bear cerulean stamp
Ne'er choke us like a waning lamp.
We call those " Friction " which we buy,
"Ecstatic," those which come from high.
In some things both are much the same, —
Both, formed of tinder, end in flame;
Yet points of difference there shall be;
Just watch a lady and you 'll see:

At friction's fizz she 'll frown awhile;
At lover's phiz she 'll take a smile.
Note variance too, between phosphoric crack
And something which is called a smack,
Which I ignore for fear of — paddy whack!

March 25, 1872.

LINES ON KATRINA'S BIRTHDAY.

ANSIES, bright pansies, make up the bouquet
Ellen puts on my desk with the first day of May,
A gentle reminder of Katrina's birthday.

And my thoughts cross the ocean to Italia's shore,
And the sweet student girl is before me once more,
Taxing her brain with her linguistic lore.

Throughout the wide world where'er she may roam,
In America's wilds, or 'mid ruins in Rome,
In the heart of her friends she will still find a home.

To the land where her childhood was happy in play,
We hope that this bantling of bright blooming May
Will soon turn herself not for once but for aye!

May 1, 1884.

LOVE'S INTERROGATORIES.

OES he often mention my name, mother?
Does he seem lonely and blue?
And does he seem still the same, mother?
I fancy so loving and true.

How oft to the house does he come, mother?
And does he seem anxious to see
The return of somebody home, mother?
And oh! is that somebody me?

Now what shall I ask of you else, mother,
When you write to your darling please say?
Nay, I know the story is false, mother,
That he flirts with the youngest Miss Gray.

I cannot conceive such a thing, mother,
Yet it gave to my nerves such a jar!
But I hear he has purchased a ring, mother,
And I 'd like to know who it is for.

October, 1875.

FOR A CHRISTMAS CARD.

MRS. A. E. S.

ANY thanks for your Christmas greeting,
And for card with its pictured bouquet.
Alas! how old Time will keep flitting
And no mortal can bid him to stay.

Yet I pray on your head may God's blessing
Ever rest with the incoming year;
And yourself and your friends health possessing,
Bask in sunshine of love and of cheer.

December 25, 1883.

TO MISS M. P. S.

FOR A NEW YEAR'S CARD.

ANY thanks for your kindly remembrance to-day;
And yet simple thanks seem inadequate pay
Unless my best wishes the message attend,
For a New Year auspicious to you, my dear friend.
May it bring 'mongst its blessings improvement in health,
And in love and in friends a large stock of wealth,
Until you declare it the best year of any
You ever have spent on your loved Allegheny.

January 1, 1885.

FOR ORIGINAL SONG, "WILLIE," BY MRS. S. S.

HANKS, from thy pen for a lyric strain
As pure as a calla lily,
A golden chain from a woman's brain,
Tribute to a gentle "Willie."

Though it fash my head with its Gaelic turns,
The song were a credit, I wot,
To the heart and head of a Robbie Burns,
Or to those of the wizard Scott.

Now for a tune like sweet "Bonnie Doon,"
The voice, like the pen, in good feather;
Let poet and minstrel the ane be the ither,
And the whole shall be sweet altogether.

February 5, 1880.

A NEW YEAR'S WISH.

H, what will you send me, my darling,
As a note of the incoming year,
That shall make me forget the months whirling,
And bring to my bosom some cheer?

Oh, what will you send me, my darling
That to me far more precious shall be
Than the song of its mate to a starling,
Or to merchant a ship from the sea?

Well, I 'll give you a hint, my sweet darling,
If you won't think I 'm asking amiss,
What I 'll prize beyond song of a starling,
Or a ship from the sea, — send a kiss!

January 1, 1879.

ALBERT AND EARLE.

ACROSTIC.

MAN working wisely is ever worth two
Loafing about, seeking nothing to do.
Bravely conduct thee in the battle of life,
Ever high-toned in its work-shop and strife,
Responsive when duty is blowing its fife,
Turning its wheel or sharpening its knife.
And be it suggested in contest and pother,
Never forget that each man is a brother,
Do what is right if 't were done by another.
Exacting of self in deportment and speech,
Attend to the little, and the high you will reach;
Refraining from wrong, you respected will be;
Live a true life, and when age comes to thee
Erect you will stand, by true living made free.

LITTLE EDITH.

O maturer small body I know of alive
Than sweet little Edith, just turnèd of five.
She shuns one at first, and you think she is shy;
But she studies you out with a half-concealed eye,
And when you at last an acquaintance achieve,
You find that her coyness is half make-believe;
And she 'll chatter away, as she stands by your knee,
With a fancy quite lively, and tongue just as free.

She 's the pet of her brothers, of Albert and Earle,
Who think her a gem of a darling sweet girl;
They tote her about, and they take her to walk,
And unite in her game of "a let 's believe talk;"
They get up among them a family fair,
Showing gifts as constructors of castles in air;
While grandmas look on and approvingly smile,
The young folks their leisure can this way beguile.

THE SNOW-STORM.

HE snowflakes intensely on business seem bent,
All shrubbery is hidden beneath a white tent;
And groaning is heard from "Aix to Ghent"
From those whose hearts on a walk were intent.

The young ladies look blue in Hulings Hall,
For they fear their letters won't come at all;
And they cease to sing of the beautiful snow,
That blocks the wheels of the engine, you know.

The highways are bare of a human form,
And cattle retreat to their sheds from the storm;
And if you should get no news "from Bordeaux,"
You may charge it all to the driving snow.

Yet a jolly old fellow is Winter, we know.
He gets patted and petted by the sleigh-driving beau;
And yet the young fellow will take it all back,
If he finds that his outlay shall end in a — sack.

December 7, 1881.

SPIRITS OF THE STORM.

OARING, rushing, onward we go,
Hurry-skurry, not stopping to rest;
Piling up mounds of the whirling snow,
Lifting the waves on the ocean's crest;

Stirring the elements into a war,
Making humanity captive at home;
Blocking the wheels of the railroad car,
Bringing confusion wherever we roam.

Probing the sidewalk, Patrick there stands,
Resting his shovel on stones he can't see;
Warming his ears with the gloves on his hands;
Sorrowful object of pity is he.

Papers are filled with terrible fires,
Bound to destruction the earth seems to go;
Are not the poets the greatest of liars,
Who thrum on their lyres the praises of snow?

In the eye of that beauty observe the round tear;
The parson and priest may have a red nose,
Yet gladly from them their people will hear
"That wind is an ill one that no blessing blows."

There are persons whose purses depend upon ice,
And cream in the summer is better kept cool;
Man's wants intermix, as do virtue and vice,
And society's interests blend in one pool.

January 10, 1884.

THE VALENTINE.

HE season assigned in Shakspearian play
For the mating of birds was St. Valentine's day.
For tropical regions a quite sensible time,
But somewhat misplaced in a Norwegian clime.
Yet if, dearest lassie, you are seeking a mate,
To walk by your side and to gang wi' ane gait,
To share in your labors, your trials, your bliss,
Just close up research with a promise and kiss;
For the frosts of December or the blossoms of May,
Are co-equal for mating with Valentine's day.

February 14, 1885.

"THE NORTH WIND DOTH BLOW."

NURSERY MELODIES.

LAZING the glass with the frost-king's spray,
The night wind sang an Icelandic lay;
Not a Highlander's song of a "bonnie Nannie,"
But the woful wail of a spirit uncanny.

It closed up the lips of the whimpering brook;
It kept home the skater to turn to his book;
And the youth, to a maiden who proffered a sleigh,
Was calmly content with an indoor stay.

Seek to have ever two strings to your bow;
Bask in the sunshine, submit to the snow;
Then the years of your life will cheerily flow,
While grumbling won't help you one jot, as you know.

THE BELLE OF THE TOWN.

RAY give me a subject, a something to sing,
Some ideal lady, just perfect, you know;
And all of my powers in use I shall bring
To the praises on her I bestow.

I 'll say she is bright, a beauty, a saint,
As perfect as ever an Orpheus sang;
That her roseate cheeks have never known paint,
Nor her brow been disgraced by a bang.

I 'll say she is always the sweetest of girls
That society ever did know;
That her neck is like marble bedecked with curls,
And her teeth like the whitest of snow.

I 'll say of her smile, it is sunshine concrete;
Of her dress, it 's a pink of a suit;
All talents and graces in her seem to meet,
And her voice is as sweet as a flute.

If you know of aught else to her that is given,
Just name it, and I 'll jot it down;
To do simple justice I 'm sure I have striven,
To this mythical belle of the town.

February 22, 1884.

A castle enchanted, Youth
sees in the clouds,
But the vapors of distance
his castle enshrouds.
Don't affect the remote, its
pleasures are fleeting;
Take the lovely at all times as
it comes to you greeting.

1880.

FOR A SERENADE.

GIVEN TO A. V E. H.

USHED was the city. On the stilly night air
Fell the vibrating sounds of a trembling guitar;
While clear-toned the sweet voices of minstrels did come
In welcome to one just returned to her home.

"Friendship" we note as the burden of song,
"Bright be its chain and its links forged strong;
Dreary the heart on the land or the sea
To which its deep joys interdicted shall be."

Thanks for the music and for the refrain;
Glad would we hear it again and again.
Not oft on life's path is it given to meet
So graceful a welcome, such courtesy sweet.

September 15, 1877.

VALEDICTORY.

ACROSTIC.

ISS you we shall when you leave us to-day.
Resting, or roving, on your homeward way,
Safety attend you! will hosts of friends say.

Blessings go with you, on car or on boat;
Angels protect thee from shipwreck and moat!
Coming or going may pleasure be thine;
Overhead a blue sky and genial sunshine,
Nestled and cared for by a Power Divine!

St. Augustine, March 22, 1876.

OCTOBER.

CTOBER, sweet October, it is present with us now,
When a coronet of gold Nature weareth on her brow.
Clad in her royal vestments she pauseth and is still,
Like a maiden at her mirror, self-complacent, if you will.

Now the student from his class-room seeks the enchanted Isles,
And bears him like a hero in that picnic home of smiles;
While the athlete on the mill-race shows the world what he can do,
With a rhythmic sweep of oars in "paddling his canoe."

The farmer joys in rest, for the summer's work is done,
And the man of active habits is the sportsman with his gun;
The broker finds his pleasure in fancy "calls and puts,"
But the schoolboy ranks them all with his basket full of nuts.

Yet a rival is the lover, who, with a fancy span,
And beauty by his side, is an enviable man.
All lines in sweet October are in pleasant places cast,
With just this shade of sadness, that it flits away so fast.

October 16, 1880.

MY SPANIEL.

ROWN curly Jim, with bright hazel eyes
Looking so searchingly into my own;
Why did not Nature some method devise
By which to his master Jim's thoughts should be known?

I may have language and Jim be a mute,
Still are we bound by some strong-threaded tie;
Whenever I plan an excursion to shoot,
The boonest companions are Jimmy and I.

He wriggles about like an eel through the cover,
If a bird is there hidden it soon is astir;
And Jim 's a retriever as well as a rover,
And knows the relation of a shot to a whirr.

That Jim loves a joke, one can readily see:
He puts every cat to the top of its speed;
But when he has made it to climb up a tree,
He does it no harm, I assure you, indeed.

I detest every pug that is known as a lap;
I deem them a nuisance very close to a sin;
But when, in cold weather, I hear a low tap,
My office door opes, and I welcome Jim in.

December 16, 1880.

SOUVENIRS.

HEN friends must part and say good-by,
Affection prompts that they should try
From off the heart some weight to lift,
By sweet device or gentle gift.

A lute, perhaps his only store,
The lover sends, — he has no more;
The lady, from her wealth of hair,
Sends in return a ringlet fair.

The poet's fervor often shines
Along some stanza's rhythmic lines;
While rustic youth would soothe the hour,
By token from some sylvan bower.

Lute, rhyme, or flower: then let us take
The token for the giver's sake.
Crumbs on life's waters which they fling,
Beads bubbling from the heart's deep spring, —
Disdain them not; the simplest sometimes best
To soothe the heart, and bid it rest.

October 18, 1875.

RAILROAD LYRICS.

WINGING out of Saratoga, noted for its fountains,
Riding on a railroad car, along North River mountains;
A wife-deserted waif, — she bound for farther East, —
Musingly I sat, on solitude to feast;
The loneliness made greater, in that I bade farewell
To a cordial group of friends so lately at hotel: —
Well, I watched the yellow leaves, frost-tinted, on the hills,
And thought of summer waning, and of November's chills;
But I think the soul is happy, that can gather much of cheer
From autumn's leaden clouds or from a dying year.
So I turned me to some women, who were munching nuts and candy,
Fit subjects for the pencil of Richmond or Lorandi;
Till I wondered very greatly if they 'd ever get enough
Of surfeiting themselves on such dyspeptic stuff.
Soon we stopped for some minutes for water at a station,
And I sounded my next neighbor on matters of the nation;
But he seemed a little chary of giving me his mind,
And left me much to guess of what was left behind,
Unexpressed by his lips, 'bout policy and laws,
When men there came along who were bent on taking "straws;"

And the man who sat beside me said of him to take no note,
Because he 'd changed his dwelling, and had n't any vote.
So the lingering hours sped on; and some time after noon,
Ten minutes were allowed us for lunch at a saloon;
But the oysters had run out, the tea was boiling hot,
And nought, for dime expended, but a scalded mouth I got.
Then on and on we rode again, until the night grew dark,
And we were told, at Hornellsville, that we must disembark;
And were taken quite aback, to use some lingual stress,
That we must wait two hours for tea, and for the night express.
But life is never sweeter made by grumbling and complaining,
And so I 'll add a word to say the clouds were turned to raining,
As well-fed people rushed for seats again in crowded car,
And talked, or slept, as fitted those whose goal was near or far.
But as for me, long ere the sun announced the coming dawn,
With satchel and umbrella I stood on my home lawn,
And my startled dog expressed his joy with fond, caressing leap;
While the tourist's story endeth here, with just three hours of sleep.

December 14, 1880.

MY KITTENS.

ACROSTIC: MABEL BOND.

Y four little kittens all live in the barn,
As playful a set as e'er tangled a yarn:
Bessie is small, but exceedingly spry;
Eva loves fun, you can see in her eye;
Lottie is sweet, but I think she is shy;

Ben has a coat of most delicate gray.
Oh, how I wish you could see them at play,
Nestling and romping betimes in the hay;
Dear little kittens! I 'm sure you would say.

OUR PARLOR.

"O SOLITUDE, WHERE ARE THY CHARMS?"

HEN the shadows have fallen at eventide,
I draw my chair to the table's side,
And sit near the light of the chandelier,
And quietly read — with nobody near.

Nettie 's absconded her cousin to greet,
And Mary has vanished somewhere down street;
So I lift, when aweary, my eyes from my book,
And into the vacancy soberly look.

Where are the feet that late pattered like rain?
Where are the voices, like music's refrain,
That echoed so recent through parlor and hall?
Speak, thou grim silence, say where are they all?

Where is that elfin Katrina to-night,
With her fun-beaming eyes so expressive and bright,
With "baton" in hand, or with cards on the floor,
Or lisping adieu through the crack of the door?

Where is the logical, critical Emma,
Who empaled loose thoughts on the horns of dilemma,
And taught us reflection before we should speak,
Resembling in conflict a "Greek meeting Greek"?

I appealed to the pictures that hung on the wall;
Silent as mutes were the lips of them all;
But reflection responded, "Ah, well, in life's dance
Last month they were here; but to-night they're in France."

December 15, 1869.

INTERIOR VIEWS.

A SOLILOQUY.

FOUR wide chambers, a parlor and hall,
And one lone body to occupy all;
A generous table and only one seat,
And none but the occupant's self to eat;
A cheery wood-fire, with its tongues of flame,
And none to enjoy it save one I could name.
Is it reality, or is it a trance?
Child and grandchild in far-away France,
Wife and bairn — aye, there 's the rub! —
Held by stern fate at "Athenian Hub."
Only one hermit a homestead to fill;
Such are time's changes. Ah well, ah well!
There 's One can compass in the palm of His hand
The ocean waves alike with the land:
And Him shall I pray, engirt in His arm,
My wandering waifs to protect from harm,
And bring them home, after lingering weeks,
With radiant eyes and with roseate cheeks;
So delightful a boon would most richly repay
For some leaden-winged hours while they are away.

November 7, 1879.

THE HERMIT'S DREAM.

A VISION OF LIFE AT "THE HUB."

HEN the shadows of eve o'er the landscape creep,
And the light on the hill-top dies,
There 's a little fairy whom I call sleep,
Who poppy-seed sows in my eyes.

And then I see Grandmamma knitting with care,
By the light of the parlor stand,
With her purple-trimmed cap and her nice gray hair,
As she pauses to measure the band.

There 's a sweet little girl who sits by her side,
Whom Mabel I think people call,
Who is fixing the flounces to look like a bride
On the dress of her love of a doll.

And next, with her forehead bedecked with a curl,
And an abstract air from her head to her toes,
With a book in her hand, is a studious girl;
When a babe she was christened Rose.

Then there 's one not mentioned yet,
Whose praises by me should be sung;
Now that she 's grave they call her Annette,
She was " Chatterbox " when she was young.

Still there 's another who came from the South,
But my memory 's fast growing lame,
With bright black eyes and very sweet mouth,
She would blush if I mentioned her name.

January 8, 1884.

A TALE ABOUT A HERMIT.

HERE was an old hermit out westward did dwell,
Not on a high hill-top nor in a deep dell,
But just on an upland that bounded a vale;
And 't is of this hermit I 'll tell you a tale:
He had seen many winters, his beard had turned gray,
While he lived in the West, in the far, far away.

He had a small dog, who for short was called Jim,
(If you had a whole dime you could n't buy him!)
He looked like a vitalized buffalo skin,
But when you examined the dog was within!
A sprightly, affectionate, comical fellow,
Who loved to carry his master's umbrella.

And this old hermit has a bevy of cats,
Some sober with age, others frisky as rats;
They all dress in furs, discarding all laces,
And ne'er use a sponge when they 're washing their faces.
He also is owner of two or three ponies,
Who look o'er their stalls at each other like cronies;

They do very little, and, by natural law,
Like most idle people they sleep upon straw;
They hate to be severed; if you take one away
The others will chide you by saying, "Neigh! neigh!!"

Now I 'll bet her a penny, if to bet she is willing, —
If that 's not enough I will wager a shilling, —
That Mabel can't guess one time out of three,
Where the old hermit lives, and who he can be!

SONG FOR YOUNG TEMPLARS.

Tune, — "Scots wha hae."

OYS, awake, your armor don,
Fight from morn till set of sun!
Fight until the battle 's won
In the noble cause!

Strike with moral axe and mace!
Strike for selves and for your race!
All the evil slums efface
Ere your work is done.

Who shall wash away the brand
From the liquor dealer's hand?
Bid him rouse himself, and stand
To his manhood true.

Shall gentle woman seek the front?
Shall she bear the battle's brunt?
All the dens of vice confront?
Tell it not in Gath.

Soldiers, seize thy banners then;
Beard the lion in his den.
Bear yourselves as worthy men
In the moral fray.

EASTER HYMN.

FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

LADLY we keep this Easter day,
And to our Teacher homage pay,
Who when on earth the young did bless,
Embracing them with fond caress.

Who taught us, shunning every sin,
Our great Creator's love to win;
And to insure a heavenly birth
By deeds of kindness here on earth.

Who bade us balm and oil bestow,
And feeling have for others' woe;
Not building pride on gain and pelf,
Our hearts controlled by love of self.

With soothing touch for brow of pain,
The erring to make right again.
In all life's problems, Christ our rule,
Be this the motto of our school!

April 13, 1884.

THE BURIAL AT SEA.

HERE 'S a wail wafts ashore from the wide-spreading sea,
Over the billows closed in by the sky;
A wail so pathetic as only may be,
When a desolate mother gives way to her cry.

'T is a trial severe when we yield those we love,
With all of earth's sympathies pressing around;
And thoughts turn despite us from regions above
To those who lie buried away in the ground.

To be rolling about on the desolate sea,
Where hurrying winds breathe a requiem wild,
Afar from one's kin, what condition could be
More sad for a mother when losing a child?

Yet life's shadow is often the background of light;
And hearts have their thrill ere with throbbing they swell;
So sorrow can only be construed aright
When traced to that Hand which sends blessings as well.

January 16, 1879.

IN MEMORIAM.

MRS. F. F. B.

HERE 'S a shade on the faces we meet with to-day,
A shadow of grief for one passed away, —
One loved as a friend, one beloved as a wife,
Removed in the flush and the prime of her life.

It is hard to believe one so gifted and bright,
The pride of the parlor, of homestead the light,
Has gone from our sight, leaving us to deplore
That the places that knew her shall know her no more.

We shall miss from our circle a friend of the poor,
Shall miss the example of one ever pure;
We shall miss her in song, miss that cheery sweet voice
That made every one in her presence rejoice.

She came from on high like a carrier dove,
To bear unto earth a glad message of love;
And now she returns with the hearts she has won,
To wear on her chaplet the legend, "Well done."

December 15, 1873.

IN MEMORIAM.

C. E. T.

MODEL as mother, as friend, and as wife,
Has laid down her armor and given up life;
Has gone to her Maker; and that calm, placid brow
Seems a sign of assurance all 's well with her now.
To her life's ordeals, both its shadow and shine,
Came alike from one fountain, whose source is divine;
Her faith was that trust that banisheth fear,
And her mission of life was to help and to cheer.

With hand on the latch-string of charity's door,
Her heart opened to sorrow, her purse to the poor;
For the brow of distress she had soothing caress;
All knew but to love her, none named but to bless.
She sleeps her last sleep; and her spirit will soar,
On wings ready plumed, to the heavenly shore.
Though terrestrial friends, as they bend o'er her bier,
May give to her memory a tributive tear,

There are others who wait, in a bright home above,
To bid her thrice welcome to that haven of love.
She has gone to her grave in full ripeness of years;
What she was to our hearts is betokened by tears.

April 7, 1883.

MEMORIAL.

ACROSTIC: M. L. B.

OURNED by those whom here thou didst love,
Angels shall welcome thy spirit above;
Returning to Him, the great Author of life,
Gathered, like grain in the ear, fully ripe,
A welcome awaits thee from those gone before.
Rest shalt thou find on the evergreen shore,
Effacing the trials and sorrows while here,
Thrilling thy heart with a heavenly cheer,

Life, fuller life, springing up from thy bier.

But thy spirit will bend from the mansions above,
A blessing to give to the children you love;
Guiding and cheering, if Heaven allows,
Lightening their sorrows, and smoothing their brows;
Enlisting their hearts in the true and the right,
Your love still enfolding, though lost to their sight.

A DREAM.

MEMORIAL OF THE CHILD OF A FRIEND, M. S.

I RECALL her form and sunny face,
On the lawn I see her at play;
And sleep from memory's page doth efface,
That our darling has gone away.

I see her emerge from the open gate,
And adown the sidewalk run;
Perplexing her nurse, as, with spirit elate,
She frolics in childish fun.

I catch her eye and responsive smiles,
As she lists to the words I say;
And sleep my heart with the thought beguiles,
Our prattler is with us to-day.

But the gates of Heaven were left ajar,
An angel beckoned her in;
And we bow to the love, that to home afar,
From us did our darling win.

October 31, 1876.

IN MEMORIAM.

MRS. M. MCF.

MOTHER in Israel gone to her rest,
One who lived usefully, doing her best;
Responsive to duty, of trials no shirk,
Now dropping her distaff, and folding her work.

Running the race that was given to run,
Faithful in all things that ought to be done;
United to be with those wearing a crown,
Hopefully, trustfully, laying life down.

Peace to her ashes! with her hour to part
Come thoughts of her kindness to many a heart;
Kindness to those who were nursed on her arm,
Neighborly acts, making friendship more warm.

Gone, gone away! A household is still!
No being the place of a mother can fill!
How swift towards "Greendale" we all of us tend,
We consciously feel as we bury a friend.

April 3, 1878.

THE MOTHERLESS.

R. H. B., DIED DEC. 23, 1880.

HEN trees were draped by winter's snows,
And hearts were set on Christmas tide,
When waning year drew near its close,
Our much beloved mother died.

'T was she who rocked us on her breast,
And soothed us into sweet repose;
Who oft kept vigils o'er our rest,
And fondly kissed us when we rose.

'T was she who taught us how to read,
'T was she who taught us how to pray;
When later steps to school did lead,
'T was she oft joined us on our way.

Now when we come, our lessons said,
We find no mother anywhere;
They need not tell us she is dead,
We read it in her empty chair.

Our eyes are red with many a tear;
In vain we try our grief to smother;
There 's not, in all this wide, wide sphere,
A name to us so dear as mother.

Our Heavenly Father knows what 's best,
So mother taught us to believe;
But frail hearts shrink from such a test,
And He 'll forgive us if we grieve.

December 26, 1880.

CHRISTMAS.

BBETH the year like a wave on Time's shore,
And Christmas comes, claiming its carol once more;
A carol of thanks to the Ruler above,
And words of good cheer for those that we love;
'T is fitting the song should be blithesome and cheery,
For custom demands that a Christmas be merry.

Yet despite the intent for a merry refrain,
A chord in the minor will mix with the strain;
A sorrow for manhood cut down in its prime,
A harvest unripe for the sickle of time;
A sorrow for mothers borne hence to that bourn
Whence comes no response, whence comes no return;
A teardrop for silence beneath a roof-tree,
Where childhood has prattled, upheld on a knee.
So winter binds garlands and roses to fling
On the bier of the summer, the tomb of the spring;
He who tempers the wind to the lamb that is shorn
Can alone bring relief to the stricken who mourn.
A rift in the vapors discloses the sun;
We bend to the message with "Thy will be done."

Though the riddle be dark, a solution will come,
When the parted shall meet in a heavenly home.

. . . . . .

We turn from the shadow to welcome the light,
To join in the joy of homes that are bright;
From the chalice of Hope a pledge we would drink,
To thee, rosy boy, with thy skates on the rink;
To thee, mother's darling, enrapt in thy doll,
May the lines of thy life in sweet places fall;
To thee, lovely maid, with thy glances so coy,
May Christmas come oft with no bitter alloy;
To thee, mellow age, with thy locks growing gray,
May the eve of departure be still far away;
And while life remains may your pulses beat quick
To the calls of the needy, the wails of the sick.
And so at the hearthstone, or youth's festive hall,
We combine in our greeting, "Merry Christmas to all!"

LINES ON GOLDEN WEDDING DAY.

DECEMBER 4, 1884.

WOULD I were bright as a button to-day,
Then of semi-centennials I 'd have something to say;
But great is the difference 'twixt the now and the when
I was classed with that brotherhood known as young men;
For old Time on my brain lays the impress of age,
And that impress transferred will show on my page;
Yet there 's much in the subject to thrill and inspire,
So I 'll strike on its chords, though time-worn be the lyre.

'T is just fifty years, as the almanac shows,
When friends came together to witness our vows.
Now a wedding, you know, is a most solemn thing,
And not to be measured by fruit-cake and ring;
So I put all frivolity sternly aside,
To resume the true story of bridegroom and bride.

They came in the parlor, and squared their toes,
And looked quite sedate, as all the world does;
Then answered the questions of the Reverend Day,
But I can't just remember what each one did say,

Nor the duties appointed for woman and man
(Half a century 's a long time for memory to span);
But I know nought was promised by lips on that floor,
But what was pre-pledged in our hearts long before.
Protection one promised, and to household debts pay;
One all a wife's duties, but not "to obey."
Whereupon the good Parson sympathetic did say,
"For this married couple let all of us pray."

And now we 're possessed of a sweet, cosey home,
Where children and grandchildren lovingly come;
And some living friends of the good days of yore,
Who witnessed our nuptials as we stood on the floor,
With gifts and warm greetings touch our heart-strings to-day.
So to old friends and young ones a "God bless you" we say.

How little we knew, at the plighting of troth,
What changes in life would the future bring forth.
How little we thought a kind greeting so bright
Would find us to cheer, this half-century night.
And we thank in our hearts that good Being above,
In whose keeping we live, whose surname is Love.

THANKS TO A FRIEND FOR SOME VERSES ON SEMI-CENTENNIAL WEDDING DAY.

HANKS for your poetry, in satin-bound lids,
Suggestive of lovers when dressed in their kids;
Recalling to us the long, long ago,
When we were the victims, ah well! of side show;
'T is fixed in our memories, we cannot forget it,
And its sunniest side is, we do not regret it.
Though gray hairs on our heads may tell of long years,
They have brought with them smiles, they have brought with them tears;
But with all of their wrinkles, and trials, and trends,
They have brought many blessings, have left many friends.

December 4, 1884.

SEVENTY-FIVE.

VALEDICTORY.

HREESCORE and fifteen;
Ah well, that 's, I ween,
Very close to the limits of life;
Then let banners be furled;
Give him up, working world,
Exempt from industrial strife.

No seeker of honors of state;
No selfhood inscribed on his slate:
Take charity, then, for your text.
Has he striven with spirit and brain,
The wrong to avoid that life's record would stain?
Overlook all his minor defects.

Has he brought to one hearthstone some cheer,
Or from eyelids of grief wiped a tear?
Let the strife of divergencies cease.
May friendship grow stronger by kindness while here,
And when he is called to some other sphere,
Recalling the past, to his ashes say peace!

March 21, 1885.